

# THE Maiden-WARRIOR:

O R.  
The Damsels Resolution to Fight in Field, by the side of  
Jockey her entire Love.

To an Excellent New Tune.

Licensed according to Order.



Valiant Jockey's march'd away,  
To fight the Foe, with Great Mackay ;  
Leaving me poor Soul, alas ! forlorn,  
To curse the hour I e'er was born :  
But I swear Ie follow too,  
And dearest Jockey's Fate pursue,  
Dear him be to Guard his precious Life,  
Never Scot had like a Loyal Wifse :  
Swor'd Ie wear, Ie cut my Hair,  
Tann my Cheeks that once were thought so fair,  
In Soldiers Weed to him Ie speed,  
Never like a Trooper crost the Tweed.

Trumpet sound a Victory,  
Ie kill my self the next Dundee ;  
Love and Rage, and Fate do's all agree,  
To do some Glorious thing by me :  
Great Bellona take my part,  
Fame and Glory steel my Heart,  
That for our bonny Scotland's gude,  
Some brave Action may deserve my Bloud :  
Nought shall appear of Female fear,  
Fighting by his side I love so dear ;  
All the World shall own, that ne'er was known  
Like a pretty Lass this thousand Year,

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Sold in noble Armons bright,  
He with COURAGEous Heart will fight;  
Fear of Death shall ne'er my COURAGE stain,  
King William's Rights He will Maintain:  
For the Glory of our S<sup>r</sup>.,  
He a<sup>t</sup> the Rebels will peper,  
And let them find that WOMEN-kind,  
Sometimes venture with a Warlike mind:  
Age of Old, our FAME has told,  
Therefore He will never be controll'd;  
By Friend or Foe, He truly goe,  
Never was a Trooper armed so.

He a Helmet will put on,  
Like a right Valiant Warlike Man,  
Plates of Steel shall guard my Back and Breast,  
Carbines and Pistols He protest,  
In my hand He cock and prime,  
Now and for ever is the time:

Whil<sup>e</sup> I thus am mounted Cap<sup>e</sup>.,  
Warlike Thunder shall my Musket be,  
Let smoke arise and dim the Skies,  
Whil<sup>e</sup> we do pursue the Warlike prize;  
Laurels shall Crown with true Renown,  
The Victory in City, Court and Town.

Mars the God of War shall lead  
The Army, that will fight and bleed,  
E'er our Foe shall hope to win the day,  
Therefore let us march with speed away;  
Hark! He hear the Trumpets sound,  
We shall be a<sup>t</sup> with Conquest Crown'd;  
Let the high-land Rebels brag and boast,  
Death in Triumph shall ride through their hosts  
Glory and FAME shall then proclaim  
Th<sup>e</sup> Actions of a valiant Warlike Dame;  
If Foes draw nigh, I scorn to fly,  
With my dearest Love He like and dye.

## Jockey's Answer.

Had<sup>t</sup> thou such a valiant heart,  
To fight and take the Nations part,  
By the side of Jockey thy delight,  
For to put the ENEMY to flight?  
I thy COURAGE must commend,  
Yet like a true ent're Friend,  
I would have thee stay at home, said he,  
For the Wars are most unse for thee;  
Moggy you are youthfull and fair,  
Therefore can thy tender Nature bear  
The Shrieks and Cries which fill the Skies,  
As the ENEMY we do surprize?

Love, said he, the loud Alarms  
In mid<sup>t</sup> of night to Arms to Arms,  
Will it not affrighten thee, my dear,  
Should you such a sudden 'larm hear,  
And before the break of day,  
Many a valiant Soldier may,  
Lie in streams of racking purple gore;  
Therefore Moggy whom I do adore,  
Should<sup>t</sup> thou be slain and I remain,  
It would ill my Heart withinckle pain,  
She did reply, happy am I  
If I in the Bed of Honour die.